

A Wonderful Example of Gods Justice shewed upon one *Jasper Conningham*,
 A Gentleman born in Scotland, who was of opinion, that there was neither God nor Devil.
 To the Tune of, O Neighbour Robert.



IT was a Scotch-man,
 a Scotch-man, lewd of life,
 That long had lived
 unlawful from his wife :
 His name was Jasper Conningham
 as I did understand,
 whose dwelling was at Aberdeen,
 a Town in fair Scotland.

He had a Sister
 which was both fair and bright,
 worshipfully wedded,
 unto a worthy Knight ;
 Godly, wise, and vertuous,
 in every thing was she,
 A fairer comely Lady
 in Scotland could not be.

Her wicked Brother
 such inward pains did prove,
 That with his fair Sister
 he greatly was in love :
 He watches time and wooes her,
 he shews to her his mind,
 And still he says to her Sister,
 be not to me unkind.

This comely Lady
 in mild and gentle wise,
 Thus to her Brother
 thus modestly replies :
 The Lord forbid, dear Brother,
 I should consent at all,
 To such a damned action,
 to bring our Souls in thrall.

Are not great torments
 prepar'd for hateful sin ?
 Is not God as Righteous
 as ever he hath been ?
 Is not Hell prepared,
 with quenchless flames of fire,
 To give such wicked persons
 their due deserved hire ?

Wherefore dear Brother,
 repent and call for Grace,
 Let not these notions
 within your heart take place :
 Consider how to judgment
 we shall one day be brought,
 To answer for our follies,
 which in our lives we wrought,

Her Brother hearing
 her Godly Christian talk,
 Within the Garden
 as they alone did walk ;
 Blasphemously replied,
 as shameless as he stood,
 Saying he had declared
 a Tale of Robin Hood.

You are deceived,
 fair Sister, then said he,
 To talk of Heavens Glory,
 or Hells plagues unto me :
 These are devised fables,
 to keep poor Souls in fear,
 That were by Wise men written,
 though no such things there were.

You speak of reckoning,
 and of a judgement-day,
 And after life is ended,
 and flesh consum'd away ;
 And of a God most justly,
 will plague all things amiss,
 And those that do believe it,
 are much deceiv'd I wis.

Alas, said he, my Sister,
 these things are nothing so,
 No God nor Devil is hiding,
 in Heaven nor Hell I know :
 All things are wrought by Nature,
 the Earth, the Air, and Sky,
 There is no joy nor sorrow,
 after that men do dye.

Therefore let me have pleasure,
 while here I do remain,
 I fear not Gods displeasure,
 nor Hells tormenting pain :
 No sooner had he spoken
 this foul blasphemous thing,
 But that a heavy judgement
 upon him God did bring.

For in the Garden
 whereas he did abide,
 Suddenly a fire
 sprung up on every side ;
 Which round about inclosed
 this Damned wretch that day,
 Who roar'd and cry'd most grievous
 but could not start away.



This fearful fire,
up to his knees did rise,
Burning blew like Bimstone,
in most outrageous wise:
The Lady which beheld it,
ran crying in for aid,
To pluck away her Brother,
which in the fire laid.

But nought prevailed,
for all that they could do,
Long Straws and also Pitchforks,
they reached him unto;
Because they durst not venture
near to the fiery flame,
He taking hold upon them,
to draw him out of the same.

But not a Finger
nor hand that he could move,
His Arms hung dead behind him,
great pains that he did prove;
And now he hands and curses,
that day that he was born,
And wishes that his Carcass
by Devils might be torn.

Now I feel surely,
quoth he, there is a God;
That sore doth plague me
with his strong Iron Rod:
O hide me from his presence,
his looks are death to me,
Nothing but wrath and vengeance,
about him do I see.

I have despised him,
but can no whit repent,

My heart is hardened,
my mind cannot relent,
No pity nor compassion,
nor mercies in love,
For me vile wretched creature,
devis'd for evermore.

I am in Hell tormented,
and to endless pain,
Look how the Devils torment me,
in stretching every Vein:
Look how they swarm about me,
O what Hell Fiends are these,
Who worth the time that ever,
I did the Lord displease.

I burn in flaming fire,
yet do no whit consume,
My conscience both torment me,
that did in Sin presume:
Alas! my loving Sister,
now I do know full well,
There is a God most Righteous,
and eke a Devil in Hell.

And with these Speeches,
his Eyes fell from his head,
And by strings hung dangling,
below his Chin stark dead:
See how the Devils, then he said,
hath pluckt my eyes out quite,
That always was unworthy
to view the Heavenly light.

Then from his Mouth there fell
his foul blasphemous Tongue,
In very ugly manner,
most piteously it hung;

And there away he rotted,
in all the peoples sight,
By Lice and filthy Worms,
it was consumed quite.

With gaskly groaning
and sighs that sounded high;
Two hours after
this cursed man did lye;
And there at length he dyed,
and then the fire ceas'd;
His Carcass stunk most filthy,
than any Carrion Beast.

No man was able
for to endure the smell,
For yet to come to Bury him,
as true report doth tell:
Until he was consumed,
he lay above the ground,
The dogs about the Garden,
therefore was Locked round.

Let all Blasphemers
take warning by this thing;
Least that Gods vengeance
they do upon them bring:
And Lord grant all Christians
thy Holy Grace and fear,
They may think on the punishment
that Conningham had here.

A P P S.

Printed for W. Chackeray,
J. W. and A. W.

